

100 MEN WANTED

On the island of Kauai, to wear **The Leader Clothing**. We sell the latest up-to-date goods at reasonable prices. And save you from 40 to 65 per cent or every suit prices from \$10 to \$25.
Mail orders promptly attended to.
Wanted parties to sell and represent our goods on the island of Kauai.

THE LEADER CLOTHIERS

FORT STREET, NEAR BERETANIA

XMAS!

**H
a
p
p
y**

LOADS AND loads of Xmas Goods have arrived at this store. From all points of the compass come most beautiful creations designed exclusively for our trade and manufactured under the personal supervision of Proprietor J. I. Silva who has been east especially for the purpose of procuring Christmas goods.

Mr. Silva returns home tomorrow accompanied by an additional supply of the prettiest Christmas goods obtainable.

**G
i
f
t
s****WATCH THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK****Eleele Store**

J. I. SILVA, Proprietor.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
THE ANVIL

Indicates a steel shod shoe for children. A substantial school shoe; a stylish well made dress shoe. High or low cut, Kid or Calf stock; button, one-strap, or lace.

Steel shod anvil brand means "made to wear." Prices, in sizes 9 to 11, \$2.25 to \$2.50; in sizes 11 1/2 to 2, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

McINERNEY SHOE STORE
HONOLULU**HONOLULU VULCANIZING WORKS**V. V. NEWELL, Manager.
Kapiolani Building, Honolulu.

Our shop employs only skilled workmen, is supplied with every modern appliance and is the only up-to-date vulcanizing plant in the Islands.

Our **RETREADING** is done by experienced men from reputable factories.

All We Ask Is A Trial**Kauai Orders Solicited****Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
and Musical Instruments**

ON CREDIT. No security. Wear while paying. Kauai Trade solicited.

J. CARLO : : : Honolulu

Kauai's Young People

An Indian StoryEdited By
Master Harrison Rice.

The children of every people in the world like to listen to stories told by their elders, and each race has its list of childhood tales. The following is often told to little Indian folks:

Mr. Deer and his tribe dwell in the woods. Mr. Antelope and his large family live on the plains. Both animals are great runners, and each one thinks himself the fleetest.

One day Mr. Antelope was walking along the plain just at the edge of the forest, when Mr. Deer happened to be walking in the woods near the plain, and they saw each other. "Good morning, neighbor Antelope," called out Mr. Deer. "Are your legs in good condition?"

"Good morning, good morning; yes I feel very well indeed this morning, Brother Deer," said Mr. Antelope. "The dew of the grass has bathed my legs, and I assure you that they feel very supple."

"Now that is good news," said the deer. "Would you like to take a little exercise? I can beat you from here to the lake." (The lake was at the other side of the wood.)

"No, you can not," said the antelope. "I'll give you my dew-claws if I do not beat you."

"That suits me," said the deer. The gray squirrel gave the starting signal by dropping a nut. Away they went.

The deer had one great advantage. He was used to running among bushes and trees, and knew how to avoid them. So he ran swiftly and soon reached the lake. But the antelope, accustomed to running only on the open plain, found the trees and bushes great hindrances; and, therefore, he failed to show his best speed. Hence he was not much surprised when, after having picked his way with considerable trouble through the thickets, he saw the deer waiting for him on the bank of the lake.

"Ah, brother!" said the deer, "you see you can not run so fast as I. You have lost your dew-class."

So it came that the antelope lost his dewclass, and has never had any since, while the deer has kept his.

Time passed by, and the antelope, who was not satisfied with the race, longed for another trial. He watched and watched at the edge of the wood, until one afternoon the deer came out. "Ah! Brother Deer," he exclaimed; "shall we try another race?"

"Of course I am willing," said the deer; "indeed, if I do not beat you again, I will give you my horns."

"Well, I am ready," said the antelope.

"Now," queried the deer, "where shall the race be run?"

"On this plain. We will run to yonder hillock," replied the antelope. "He who first stands upon its top wins the race."

The jaybird screamed for them as a signal to start, and then away they went. On the plain the antelope felt at home, and could do his best. He flew like the wind, and soon left the deer behind. Reaching the top of the little hill, he ate some of the grass, and was quietly chewing the cud when the deer came up. And from that day to this the deer loses his horns every year and has to grow a new pair.

WHY MR. BILLY-GOAT'S TAIL IS SHORT

"They tell me," remarked Mr. Rabbit suddenly, "that things have got to that pass in the country we came from that even Mr. Billy-Goat, who used to eat meat, has dwindled away in mind and body till he hangs around the stable doors and eats straw for a living. That's what Mr. Thimblefinger says, and he ought to know. I suppose Billy is still bob-tailed? I remember the very day he had his tail broken off."

"Tell us about it," remarked Buster John. "Well, one Saturday afternoon Mr. Billy-Goat and Mr. Dog were walking arm in arm along the road, talking and laughing in a sociable way, when all of a sudden a big rain came up. Mr. Billy-Goat said he was mighty sorry he left his parasol at home, because the rain was apt to make his horns rust. Mr. Dog shook himself and said he didn't mind water, because when he gets wet the fleas quit biting."

"But Mr. Billy-Goat hurried on and Mr. Dog kept up with him until they came to Mr. Wolf's house, and they ran into the front porch for shelter. The door was shut tight, but Billy-Goat had on his high-heel shoes that day, and he made so much noise as he tramped about that Mr. Wolf opened his window and looked out. When he saw who it was, he cried out:

"Hullo! this is not a nice day to pay visits, but since you are here, you may as well come in out of the wet."

"But Mr. Dog shook his head and flinched up dirt by scratching on the ground with his feet. He had smelt blood. Mr. Billy-Goat saw how Mr. Dog acted, and he was afraid to go in. So he shook his horns."

"You'd just as well come in and sit by the fire," said Mr. Wolf, unlatching the door.

But Mr. Dog and Mr. Billy-Goat thanked him kindly, and said they didn't want to carry mud into the house. They said they would just stand in the porch till the shower passed over. Then Mr. Wolf took down his fiddle, tuned it up and began to play. In his day and time few could beat him playing the fiddle. And this time he played his level best, for he knew if he could start Mr. Billy-Goat to dancing he'd have

Holeproof Hose

**Guaranteed for Six Months
Six Pair to the Box**

Ladies' Lisle, in black, white and tan, \$3.00 box
Children's Ribbed, black only, \$2 box
Men's Cotton, black and tan, \$1.75 box
Men's Lisle, black and tan, \$3 box
Men's Cotton, white and assorted colors, \$2 box.

B. F. Ehlers & Co.

Sole Agents, Honolulu

**Red Label
KAMEHAMEHA BRAND****Pure Kona Coffee**

Insist upon your grocer giving you this most delicious of Kona's Coffees. Its the kind that makes you want another cup.

**Whole Roasted and Ground
H. Hackfeld & Co., Ltd.**

DISTRIBUTORS

Lest We Forget

For the best work and lowest prices call on or write the

HONOLULU MONUMENT WORKS, LTD.

P. O. Box 491

Honolulu, T. H.

REACH Baseball Goods

are sold by all the leading
stores in Hawaii

Theo. H. Davies & Co., Ltd.

Sole Agents
for the Territory of Hawaii

**The Reach Cork Center Ball
was the Official Ball of
Worlds Series**

REACH GOODS GUARANTEED

CLEVELAND

Twist Drills and Reamers

This drill is the only one made that has a flute of equal area flute to shank. The common-sense expansion reamer is simple, durable and substantial.

Any defective tool will be replaced free of charge

**HONOLULU IRON
WORK CO.**

AGENTS FOR THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

him for dinner.

"I don't see how," said Buster John.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Rabbit, "if Mr. Billy-Goat began to dance near the edge of the porch that he would be likely to dance until he got tired, and then it would be an easy matter for Mr. Wolf to out-run him."

"Of course," said Sweetest Susan.

"Well," Mr. Rabbit continued:

"Mr. Wolf kept on playing the fiddle but Mr. Billy-Goat didn't dance. Not only that, he kept so near the edge of the porch that the rain drifted in on his horns and ran down his long beard. But he kept his eye on Mr. Wolf. After playing the fiddle till he was tired, Mr. Wolf asked:

(Continued next week.)